By THOMAS WARTON.

THE THIRD EDITION,
CORRECTED.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

ΤΑ ΡΟΔΑ ΤΑ ΔΡΟΣΟΕΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ Η ΚΑΤΑΠΥΚΝΟΣ ΣΚΕΠΗ
ΣΥΡΙΓΓΑΣΟΣ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΒΑΙΚΩΝΙΑΙΣ
ΤΑΙ ΔΕ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΟΤΑΛΑΜΟΙ ΘΑΦΝΑΙ ΤΩΝ ΠΕΤΡΩΝ ΠΑΡΑΙ

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, IN THE ADELPHI.

M DCC LXX IX.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Poems were collected and publiſhed together in 1777. Some of them had before been ſeparately printed, to which other unprinted Pieces were then added. This is the third and a reviſed Edition of that Collection, with the Addition of one Piece more.

MARCH 1.
1779.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

Quid nihi neſcio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE, *Romam*
Semper in ore geris? Referunt ſi vera parentes,
Hanc Urbem inſano Nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violaſſe redit. Nec Numina Sedem
Deſtituunt.—— CLAUDIAN.

ON cloſing flowers when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering ſhade,
Oer Isis' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd:

And calmly muſing through the twilight way,
In penſive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendors o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe its guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood
The ſilver-ſlipper'd virgin lightly trod,
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd.
No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh CAM unite;

To ſhake yon towers when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?
Still ſing, O CAM, your favorite Freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your ſongs of Gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſervile lay.
Who though your gentle MASON's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſeus' herſe;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a Siſter's head?——
Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let *** boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each ſplendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, ſanctified and ſleek:

Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On rich pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty ſong,
Once heard ſage Milton's manly tones among,
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where honour calls, and juſtice points the way;
To wear the well earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſe's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor ſeeks, the ſmile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my chryſtal ſpring,
Though Perſecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
"Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine" exulting cries;
Fortune's fair ſmiles on Iſis' ſtill attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven deſcend
Unaſk'd, unſeen, in ſtill but copious ſhow'rs,
Her ſtores on me ſpontaneous Bounty pour

See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's ſtrain my fairy ſhades reſound;
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her cuſtom'd ſtate,
The mien erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic ſpires in ancient glory riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's ampleſt ſhrine,
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon the view!

* The Radcliffe Library.

O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Muſic left her ſilver ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;
Swell'd the loud ſong, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous ſound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And liſtening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conſcious wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts ceaſe,
And crouded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon Sage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.

Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence:
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, claims applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cauſe.

While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the Puny Champion fondly dare
The wage with force like this ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breaſt?

Thus in ſome gallant ſhip, that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain ſhe ſtood,
With every conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye towers that wear the moſſy veſt of time!
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite;
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;

Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!——
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
Ev'n now, confeſt to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted ſons ariſe.
Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire.
With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of antient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reaſon, his majeſtic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe;
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd;
Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reaſon, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humanis'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All crowd aroud, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial tranſport cry.
And ſee yon ſapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of ſlaviſh ſway
To ſhed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows.
" Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the bold contagion caught,
Their future ſons the great example taught:
While in each youth, th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd and the ſame!

Nor all the taſks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the ſable-ſuited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muſes in yon cloiſter's ſhade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Creſſy ſaw.
And ſee, great father of the ſacred band,
The * Patriot King before me ſeems to ſtand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
That chear'd with lively green the ſhaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muſe in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpleſs virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly ſhore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his foſtering hand,
Soon ſtream'd her bleſſings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though ſimple was the dome, where firſt to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,

* Alfred.

Lo! now ſhe holds her ſtate in ſculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred firſt, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cauſe:
He bade relent the Briton's ſtubborn ſoul,
And ſooth'd to ſoft ſociety's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
Conſcious he ſees, fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his antient diadem;)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian ſprings
She reſts her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at laſt ſhe takes her deſtin'd ſtand,
Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

O For the warblings of the Doric ote,
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
Or Mulla's muſe, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sydney died!
Then ſhould my woes in worthy ſtrain be ſung,
And with due cypreſs-crown thy herſe, O Frederick, hung.

II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To graſp the ſounding pipe, my voice unſkill'd
The tuneful phraſe of poeſy to ſpeak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:
A nation's tears ſhall teach my ſong to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

III.

How well he knew to ſhun falſe flattery's ſhrine,
To ſpurn the ſweeping pall of ſcepter'd pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Iſis' tufted ſide:
To rove at large amid the landſkips ſtill,
Where Contemplation ſate on Clifden's beech-clad hill.

IV.

How, lock'd in pure Affection's golden band,
Through ſacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even ſtep he walk'd, and conſtant hand,
His temples binding with domeſtic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaſte connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

V.

How with diſcerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the ſimple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambroſial hue
The banks of ſilver Helicon beſet:
Nor ſeldom wak'd the Muſe's living lyre
To ſounds that call'd around Aonia's liſtening quire.

VI.

How to the Few, with ſparks ethereal ſtor'd,
He never barr'd his caſtle's genial gate,
But bade ſweet Thomſon ſhare the friendly board,
Soothing with verſe divine the toil of ſtate:
Hence fir'd, the bard forſook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal maſk, and tried the tragic ſtrain.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

At Ansley-Hall in Warwickshire.

I.

BENEATH this ſtony roof reclin'd,
I ſooth to peace my penſive mind:
And while, to ſhade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple diſh is mine,
The beechen cup, unſtain'd with wine:
I ſcorn the gay licentious croud,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and ſtill,
The blackbird pipes in artleſs trill;
Faſt by my couch, cogenial gueſt,
The wren has wove her moſſy neſt;
From buſy ſcenes, and brighter ſkies,
To lurk with innocence, ſhe flies;
Here hopes in ſafe repoſe to dwell,
Nor aught ſuſpects the ſylvan cell.

III.

At morn, I take my cuſtom'd round,
To mark how buds yon ſhrubby mound;
And every opening primroſe count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the ſculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy ſolitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to ſtray
Fantaſtic ivy's gadding ſpray.

IV.

At eve, within yon ſtudious nook,
I ope my braſs-emboſſed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I ſleep, my meaſur'd hymn;
And, at the cloſe, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V.

While ſuch pure joys my bliſs create,
Who but would ſmile at guilty ſtate?
Who but would wiſh his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would caſt his pomp away,
To take my ſtaff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous ſtage
Prefer the blameleſs hermitage?

MONODY.

Written near Stratford upon Avon.

AVON, thy rural views, thy paſtures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled ſedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy ſurface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a penſive pleaſure mild.
But while I muſe, that here the bard divine
Whoſe ſacred duſt yon high-arch'd iles incloſe,
Where the tall windows riſe in ſtately rows
Above th' embowering ſhade,
Here firſt, at Fancy's fairy-circled ſhrine,
Of daiſies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in ſtripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a ſhrill and artleſs pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of ſome magic wand;

An holy trance my charmed ſpirit wings,
And aweful ſhapes of warriors and of kings
People the buſy mead,
Like ſpectres ſwarming to the wiſard's hall;
And ſlowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity ſeems to ſtand
A weeping mourner, ſmote with anguiſh ſore,
To ſee Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the viſionary band,
And ſternly ſhakes his ſceptre, dropping blood.

ON THE DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

To Mr. Secretary Pitt *.

So ſtream the ſorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science ſheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which claſſic duty pays
To bleſs another Brunſwick's riſing rays!
O Pitt, if choſen ſtrains have power to ſteal
Thy watchful breaſt awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verſe, from ſacred Isis ſent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which antient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample Wreath, which all th' aſſembled Nine
With ſkill united have conſpir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cauſe!
Thy conſcious heart ſhall hail with juſt applauſe

* Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems cloſe the collections of Oxford Verses on their reſpective occaſions: and were written while the author was Poetry Profeſſor.

The duteous Muſe, whoſe haſte officious brings
Her blameleſs offering to the ſhrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in hiſtoric lore,
Can ſpeak her office and her uſe of yore:
For ſuch the tribute of ingenuous praiſe
Her harp diſpens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in iſles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltleſs monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuſcan gore
How ſcepter'd Hiero ſtain'd Sicilia's ſhore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye diſclos'd
Bright vales, where ſpirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet ſtill beneath the throne, unbrib'd, ſhe ſate,
The decent hand-maid, not the ſlave, of ſtate;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the luſtre of her country's fame:
For, taught like Our's, ſhe dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth ſevere ſhe temper'd partial praiſe;
Conſcious ſhe kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And ſure if e'er the muſe indulg'd her ſtrains,
With juſt regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear a fame as GEORGE's trophied throne?
At whoſe firm baſe, thy ſtedfaſt ſoul aſpires
To wake a mighty nation's antient fires:
Aſpires to baffle Faction's ſpecious claim,
Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners ſweep,
Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd reſolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
It's willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful ſwains;
As erſt ſtout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the ſophiſtries of ſtate:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free deſign,
Nor ſtops thy ſtream of eloquence divine:

For thine the privilege, on few beſtow'd,
To feel, to think, to ſpeak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cauſe one common end preſcribes:
Nor fear nor fraud, or ſpares or ſcreens, the foe,
But ſpirit prompts, and valour ſtrikes, the blow.
O PITT, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the Miniſter exalts the Man,
ISIS cogenial greets thy faithful ſway,
Nor ſcorns to bid a ſtateſman grace her lay.
For 'tis not Her's, by falſe connections drawn,
At ſplendid Slavery's ſordid ſhrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breaſt
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, ſuppreſt:
'Tis not for her to purchaſe or purſue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More uſeful toils her ſtudious hours engage,
And fairer leſſons fill her ſpotleſs page:
Beneath ambition, but above diſgrace,
With nobler arts ſhe forms the riſing race:
With happier taſks, and leſs refin'd pretence,
In elder times, ſhe woo'd Munificence

To rear her arched roofs in regal guiſe,
And lift her temples nearer to the ſkies;
Princes and prelates ſtretch'd the ſocial hand,
To form, diffuſe, and fix, her high command:
From kings ſhe claim'd, yet ſcorn'd to ſeek, the prize,
From kings, like GEORGE, benignant, juſt, and wiſe.
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuſe
This humble preſent of no partial Muſe
From that calm Bower*, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where firſt the form of Britiſh Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy muſing eye;
That form, whoſe mien ſublime, with equal awe,
In the ſame ſhade unblemiſh'd Somers ſaw:
Where once (for well ſhe lov'd the friendly grove
Which every claſſic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whiſpers wak'd ſage Harrington to feign
The bleſſings of her viſionary reign;

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which alſo Lord Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the OCEANA, were educated.

That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philoſophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at laſt, beneath a GEORGE's ſmile,
In full reality this favour'd iſle.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE KING,

M. DCC LXI.

To Her MAJESTY.

WHEN firſt the kingdom to thy virtues due
Roſe from the billowy deep in diſtant view;
When Albion's iſle, old Ocean's peerleſs pride,
Tower'd in imperial ſtate above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair proſpect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conſcious joy thy breaſt might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal ſeat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's ſacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood,
Rear'd on one baſe the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the ſtubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that ſtill ſuperior braves
The proudeſt threats of Gaul's ambitious ſlaves:

Here Chivalry, ſtern ſchool of valour old,
Her nobleſt feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feaſt in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaſte Beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd iſle, which hails thy choſen ſway,
What fertile fields her temperate ſuns diſplay!
Where Property ſecures the conſcious ſwain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe ſtores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with ſcatter'd ſheep reſound;
Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,
And future navies crown her darkſome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thouſand banners ſtream;
On every coaſt her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majeſty her cities ſtand;
Whoſe ſplendid domes, and buſy ſtreets, declare,
Their firmeſt fort, a king's parental care.

And O! bleſt Queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy muſing hours;
Here Poeſy, from aweful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-ſongs her ſolemn ſpirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards at antient banquets ſung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenſer tun'd his myſtic minſtrelſy,
And dreſs'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakeſpeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artiſt's tragic pencil choſe;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breaſt,
Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from heaven a ſeraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In ſacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majeſtic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science ſits enſhrin'd in roofs ſublime.

O mark, how green her wood of antient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet ſtrays!
Thither, if haply ſome diſtinguiſh'd flower
Of theſe mix'd blooms from that ambroſial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If ſeemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's feſtive day;
Thither thyſelf ſhall haſte, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like ſtep the conſcious plain:
Pleas'd in the muſe's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the ſcepter'd pall of ſtate aſide.
Nor from the ſhade ſhall GEORGE be long away,
Which claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts her ſtay.
  Theſe are Britannia's praiſes. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race!
But though the generous iſle, in arts and arms,
Thus ſtand ſupreme, in Nature's choiceſt charms;
Though GEORGE and Conqueſt guard her ſea-girt throne,
One happier bleſſing ſtill ſhe calls her own;
And, proud to cull the faireſt wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a CHARLOTTE's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, IN THE SAME YEAR.

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward wiſe and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brighteſt banners wave;
At whoſe proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed ſteeds:
Though now no more thy creſted chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor graſp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boaſts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous feſtivals of yore;
Say, conſcious Dome, if e'er thy marſhall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majeſtic rites,
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied ſhrine,
GEORGE ſhone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windſor, ſtill remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
Heaven's high command has ſent a ſacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot ſire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:

In life's freſh ſpring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts ſhall mount to virtue's meed ſublime:
The patriot fire ſhall catch, with ſure preſage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts ſhall lead, with conſcious joy,
In ſtripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the Braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that riſe elate
With many an antique tower, in maſſy ſtate,
In the young champion's muſing mind ſhall raiſe
Vaſt images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's conſtructed ſtores,
Rude helms, and bruiſed ſhields, barbaric ſpoils
Of antient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the duſky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's ſable mail ſhall ſtrike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Creſſys, and a new Poitiers;
On the ſame wall, the ſame triumphal baſe,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd his ſtudious youth:
Her ſimples inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream through the ſtoried windows holy hue.

And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praiſe;
Nor ſeek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks, yet unſeen, along the gleamy van.

May no ſuch rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray.
Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the ſceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſt ſtrung!
Inſtead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing arts diſplay their mimic charms!
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the paſt, and rouze to future praiſe:
Before the public eye, in breathing braſs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs paſs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And cloath with Minden's plain th' hiſtoric hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine antient boaſt,
Thy tournaments, and lifted combats loſt!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud caſtle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Thoſe elfin charms, that held in magic night
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,
At length diſſolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order burſts to perfect day:

The myſtic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's baſe it's reſcued glory rears:
Sees Civil Proweſs mightier acts atchieve,
Sees meek Humanity diſtreſs relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict ceaſe,
And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

O D E S.

ODE I.

TO SLEEP.

ON this my penſive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Deſcend, in all thy downy plumage dreſt:
Wipe with thy wing theſe eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breaſt.

O ſteep my ſenſes in oblivion's balm,
And ſooth my throbbing pulſe with lenient hand;
This tempeſt of my boiling blood becalm!—
Deſpair grows mild at thy ſupreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And ſadly toiling through the tedious night,
I ſeek ſweet ſlumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched ſight.

Nor would the dawning day my ſorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the radiant noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death ſtands prepar'd, but ſtill delays, to ſtrike.

ODE II.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew:
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.

Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of Solitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.

For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.
Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To rob the raven's antient neſt.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade embowers:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound:
Nor fell Diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

ODE III.

Written at Vale-Royal Abby in Cheshire *.

As evening ſlowly ſpreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder ſounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder ſedgy ſhore,
Of ruſhing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How ſunk the ſcene, where cloiſter'd Leiſure mus'd!
Where war-worn Edward paid his aweful vow;
And, laviſh of magnificence, diffus'd
His crouded ſpires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets ſtrown,
Quick-glancing to the ſun, wild muſic made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall ſapling's ſhade.

* Founded by king Edward the firſt, about the year 1300, in conſequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being ſhipwrecked, during his return from a cruſade.

The prickly thiſtle ſheds its plumy creſt,
And matted nettles ſhade the crumbling maſs,
Where ſhone the pavement's ſurface ſmooth, impreſt
With rich reflection of the ſtoried glaſs.

Here hardy chieftains ſlept in proud repoſe,
Sublimely ſhrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the leſſening iles, in radiant rows,
Their conſecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the ſable yew
Through the dun void diſplays its baleful glooms;
And ſheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and ſcatter'd tombs.

By the ſlow clock, in ſtately-meaſur'd chime,
That from the maſſy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor diſtant ſhepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackleſs heath at midnight ſeen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall ſhaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines,) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the penſive ſounds inſpire)
As the weak breeze in many a whiſper breathes,
I ſeem to liſten to the chanting quire.——

As o'er theſe ſhatter'd towers intent we muſe,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breaſts ſoft Pity's ſigh refuſe,
Or conſcious Candour's modeſt plea conceal?

For though the ſorcereſs, Superſtition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her viſionary gleams ariſe:

Though the vain hours unſocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the ſtill cloiſter's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to ſlumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowſy cradle lock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable ſtate,
Proud Hoſpitality diſpens'd her ſtore:
Ah! ſee, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn ſhe ſits upon the brambled floor.

Her ponderous vaſe, with gothic pourtraiture
Emboſs'd, no more with balmy moiſture flows,
Mid the mix'd ſhards, o'erwhelm'd in duſt obſcure,
No more, as erſt, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by ſtorms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muſe, a pilgrim ſage;
Here raptur'd ſee, Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his repoſing age.

Here antient Art her dedal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the criſped roof;
In mellow glooms the ſpeaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluſter'd column, maſſy-proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the ſolitary minſtrel came
An honour'd gueſt, while the grim evening ſky
Hung lowering, and around the ſocial flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus ſings the Muſe, all penſive and alone;
Nor ſcorns, within the deep fane's inmoſt cell,
To pluck the grey moſs from the mantled ſtone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to ſpell.

Thus ſings the Muſe:—yet partial as ſhe ſings,
With fond regret ſurveys theſe ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of antient things
The captive bard's obſequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muſe;
Her fairy ſhapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
Severer Reaſon forms far other views,
And ſcans the ſcene with philoſophic ken.

From theſe deſerted domes, now glories riſe;
More uſeful inſtitutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On freſh foundations build the ſocial plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Eſſays, eſcap'd from Superſtition's ſhrine:
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Burſting from chaos, ſpreads her warmth divine.

ODE IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuſe
The boiſterous boy the Fair denies,
Or, with a ſcornful ſmile complies.
Mindful of diſaſter paſt,
And ſhrinking at the northern blaſt,
The ſleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around,
That cloath the garden's ſouthern bound:
Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flower
Decks the rough caſtle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primroſe peeps
From the dark dell's entangled ſteeps:
O'er the field of waving broom:
Slowly ſhoots the goldem bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the tranſitory gale.

While from the ſhrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brighteſt 'broidery ſhone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its burſting gems in cluſters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The freſh-turn'd ſoil with tender blades
Thinly the ſprouting barley ſhades:
Fringing the foreſt's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the diſtant eye diſplays
Weakly green its budding ſprays.
The ſwallow, for a moment ſeen,
Skims in haſte the village green:
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
The ſcreaming plovers idly ſpring:
The butterfly, gay-painted ſoon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly truſts its tender dies
To fickle ſuns, and flattering ſkies.

Fraught with a tranſient, frozen ſhower,
If a cloud ſhould haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landſcape dark,
Mute on a ſudden is the lark;
But when gleams the ſun again
O'er the pearl-beſprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin-deſcending hail;
She mounts, and leſſening to the ſight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track purſues
Mid the dim rainbow's ſcatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks incloſe
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rocks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious neſts anew.
Muſing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;

While, careleſs of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And proudly vaunts her winter veſt.
Within ſome whiſpering oſier-iſle,
Where GLYM's low banks neglected ſmile;
And each trim meadow ſtill retains
The wintry torrent's oozy ſtains:
Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his cuſtom'd nook;
And burſting through the crackling ſedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He ſtartles from the bordering wood
The baſhful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs, with faultering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foſs that ſkirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's uſurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Baſking beneath the noontide ray,

And ſtretch'd among the daiſies pide
Of a green dingle's ſloping ſide:
While far beneath, where nature ſpreads
Her boundleſs length of level meads,
In looſe luxuriance taught to ſtray
A thouſand tumbling rills inlay
With ſilver veins the vale, or paſs
Redundant through the ſparkling graſs.
Yet, in theſe preſages rude,
Midſt her penſive ſolitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the foreſt, green and gay,
The dappled ſlope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveſt wave, the vintage flow:
Sees June unfold his gloſſy robe
Of thouſand hues o'er all the globe:
Sees Ceres graſp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

ODE V.

SENT TO

MR. UPTON,

ON

HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's ſhelving ſhore,
I trac'd romantic Spenſer's moral page;
And ſooth'd my ſorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time ſo ſoon
O'er the lov'd ſtrain had caſt his dim diſguiſe;
As lowering clouds, in April's brighteſt noon,
Mar the pure ſplendors of the purple ſkies.

Sage Upton came, from every myſtic tale
To chaſe the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wiſard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery foreſt's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms eſſay'd
The caſtle of proud Buſyrane to quell;
Till Britomart her beamy ſhield diſplay'd,
And broke with golden ſpear the mighty ſpell:

The dauntleſs maid with hardy ſtep explor'd
Each room, afray'd in gliſtering imagery;
And through th' inchanted chamber, richly ſtor'd,
Saw Cupid's ſtately maſke come ſweeping by *.

At this, where'er, in diſtant regions ſheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a ſpangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majeſtic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeleſs ſorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's reſcued ſong
Its native charm, and genuine grace, reſumes.

* See FAIRY QUEEN, iii. 2. 5.

ODE VI.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whoſe branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whiſtle hollow as they wave;
Within a ſolitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp miſts involv'd the ſcowling ſkies,
And dimm'd the ſtruggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon ruſh-grown moor with ſable waves,
Full of the dark reſolve he took his ſullen way.

I mark'd his deſultory pace,
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd ſound;
And ah! too late aghaſt I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning graſp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the ſlow return of light;
And ſought the powers of ſleep,
To ſpread a momentary calm
O'er his ſad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to ſteep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endleſs noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in haſty fit,
Abrupt the ſocial board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
DESPAIR, for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the ſhades of eve aroſe
And brought the day's unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giant-ſhape ſhe rear'd.

" Is this, miſtaken Scorn will cry,
" Is this the youth, whoſe genius high
" Could build the genuine rime?
" Whoſe boſom mild the favouring Muſe
" Had ſtor'd with all her ample views,
" Parent of faireſt deeds, and purpoſes ſublime?"

Ah! from the Muſe that boſom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To ſtrike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his ſoft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful ſenſe of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the ſharp ſtings of hopeleſs love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While miſery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wiſh not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful night-ſhade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twiſted thorn,
that rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With ſpring's green-ſwelling buns to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt,
With ſpeaking ſculpture wrought?
Pity ſhall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a viſionary ſhrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, loſt in early bloom,
In melancholy tones ſhall ring his penſive knell.

To ſooth a lone, unhallow'd ſhade,
This votive dirge ſad Duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-ſunk orb of day
More radiant ſhot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praiſe;
" Nor thus for guilt in ſpecious lays
" The wreath of glory twine:
" In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
" Gay Fancy gives her veſt to flow,
" Unleſs Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

" Juſt heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
" Permits through life at large to rove
" The tribes of hell-born Woe:
" Yet the ſame power that wiſely ſends
" Life's fierceſt ills, indulgent lends
" Religion's golden ſhield to break th' embattled foe.

" Her aid divine had lull'd to reſt
" Yon foul ſelf-murtherer's throbbing breaſt,
" And ſtay'd the riſing ſtorm:
" Had bade the ſun of hope appear
" To gild the darken'd hemiſphere,
" And give the wonted bloom to nature's blaſted form.

" Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
" To take, what firſt it deign'd to give,
" Thy tributary breath:
" In aweful expectation plac'd,
" Await thy doom, nor impious haſte
" To pluck from God's right hand his inſtruments of
" death."

ODE VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING A FAVORITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall claſſic ſteps thy ſcenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep
Who now ſhall climb its brows to view
Thy length of landſkips ever new;
Where Summer flings, in careleſs pride,
Her varied veſture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crouded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that ſails aloof:
The tufted pines, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deſerted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that ſmokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire!

Who now ſhall indolently ſtray
Through the deep foreſt's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his cuſtom'd taſk to find
The well known hoary-treſſed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
Who mid thy nooks of hazle ſit,
Loſt in ſome melancholy fit;
And liſtening to the raven's croak,
The diſtant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the ſunſhine and the ſhower,
Deſcry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the firſt cuckow's vernal lay?
Who, muſing waſte the ſummer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The graſſy lane, ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers croſs the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The weather's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy penſive evening ſhade the ſky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
From every rural ſight or ſound;
Whoſe genius warm, and judgment chaſt,
No charm of genuine nature paſt;
Who felt the Muſe's pureſt fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With ſhadowy ſhapes, and airy powers.
Behold, a dread repoſe reſumes,
As erſt, thy ſad ſequeſter'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots,
Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primroſe-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow ſhriek the Nymphs forſake
The pathleſs copſe, and hedge-row brake.
Where the delv'd mountan's headlong ſide
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green ſummit, ambuſh'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
Riſe beckoning from the reedy brook.

Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor bruſh, half-ſeen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conſcious frown,
The foreſt-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blaſt with hoarſer tone,
Rough glens, and ſullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls,
So by ſome ſage inchanter's ſpell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the ſolitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily ſmil'd:
From ſapphire rocks the fountains ſtream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wonderous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or ſolemn ſtood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at diſtance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the criſped bowers
Rich ſpires aroſe, and ſparkling towers.

If bound on ſervice new to go,
The maſter of the magic ſhow,
His tranſitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illuſive landſcape flew:
Dun clouds obſcur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning ſmote the blooming mold:
In viſionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous caſtle diſappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Uſurp'd the wiſard's proud domain.

ODE VIII.

THE

COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL *.

I.

ALL penſive from her oſier-woven bow'r
CHERWELL aroſe. Around her darkening edge
Pale eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the ruſtling ſedge:
She roſe, and thus ſhe cried in deep deſpair,
And tore the ruſhy wreath that bound her ſtreaming hair.

II.

Ah! why, ſhe cried, ſhould ISIS ſhare alone
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
Shall every ſong her happier influence own,
And ſtamp with partial praiſe her favorite name?
While I, alike to thoſe proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muſe's call, nor boaſt a claſſic tide.

* One of the Rivers at Oxford.

III.

No choſen ſon of all yon fabling band
Bids my looſe locks their gloſſy length diffuſe;
Nor ſees my coral-cinctur'd ſtole expand
Its folds, beſprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor ſtuds my cryſtal throne with many a ſpeckled ſhell.

IV.

In Isis' vaſe if Fancy's eye diſcern
Majeſtic towers emboſs'd in ſculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modeſt urn,
The ſimple ſcenes of paſtoral imagery:
What though ſhe pace ſublime, a ſtately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, ſince late the Muſe thy triumphs ſung,
No more with mine thy ſcornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung,)
Where meet our ſtreams, indulging ſhort delay:
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'ſt to take
My creſs-born flowers that float in many a ſhady lake.

VI.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd ſoul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whoſe waves, in meaſur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or ſtagnant ſleep, or ruſh in white caſcades:
Whoſe banks with echoing induſtry reſound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound,

VII.

Lo! here no commerce ſpreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freſhneſs of my paſtures to defile,
Or bruiſe the matted groves that fringe my ſide:
But Solitude, on this ſequeſter'd bank,
Mid the moiſt lilies ſits, attir'd in mantle dank.

VIII.

No ruder ſounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's ſolitary ſong:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, ſave when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled ſhores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

IX.

Then ſcorn no more this unfrequented ſcene;
So to new notes ſhall my coy Echo ſtring
Her lonely harp. Hither, the brow ſerene,
And the ſlow pace, of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inſpiring Ecſtaſy
To bid her viſions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme: if unrequited love
Seek, all unſeen, his baſhful griefs to breathe;
Or Fame to bolder flights the boſom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muſes: from the buſy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts the ſong.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING RICHARD the firſt, celebrated for his achievements in the cruſades, was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his patronage of the Provencial minſtrels, and his own compoſitions in their ſpecies of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in diſguiſe, he was impriſoned in a caſtle of Leopold duke of Auſtria. His favorite minſtrel, Blondel de Neſle, having traverſed all Germany in ſearch of his maſter, at length came to a caſtle in which he found there was only one priſoner, and whoſe name was unknown. Suſpecting that he had made the deſired diſcovery, he ſeated himſelf under a window of the priſoner's apartment; and began a ſong, or ode, which the king and himſelf had formerly compoſed together. When the priſoner, who was king Richard, heard the ſong, he knew that Blondel muſt be the ſinger: and when Blondel pauſed about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is ſuppoſed to be this joint compoſition of the minſtrel and king Richard.

ODE IX.

THE CRUSADE.

BOUND for holy Paleſtine,
Nimbly we bruſh'd the level brine,
All in azure ſteel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minſtrel ſwung
His ſounding harp, and boldly ſung.
" Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
" Engliſh Richard ploughs the deep!
" Tremble, watchmen, as ye ſpy,
" From diſtant towers, with anxious eye,
" The radiant range of ſhield and lance
" Down Damaſcus' hills advance:
" From Sion's turrets as afar
" Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
" Saladin, thou paynim king
" From Albion's iſle revenge we bring!

" On Acon's * ſpiry citadel,
" Though to the gale thy banners ſwell,
" Pictur'd with the ſilver moon;
" England ſhall end thy glory ſoon!
" In vain, to break our firm array,
" Thy brazen drums hoarſe diſcord bray:
" Thoſe ſounds our riſing fury fan:
" Engliſh Richard in the van.
" On to victory we go,
" A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And ſwept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the ſmiling main
Echoed the prophetic ſtrain.
Soon we kiſs'd the ſacred earth
That gave a murther'd Saviour birth:
Then with ardour freſh endu'd,
Thus the ſolemn ſong renew'd.

* A capital chriſtian city and fortreſs of Syria.

" Lo, the toilſome voyage paſt,
" Heaven's favour'd hills appear at laſt!
" Object of our holy vow,
" We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
" From Carmel's almond-ſhaded ſteep
" We feel the cheering fragrance creep.
" O'er Engaddi's ſhrubs of balm
" Waves the date-empurpled palm:
" See, Lebanon's aſpiring head
" Wide his immortal umbrage ſpread!
" Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
" Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
" Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
" Ye ſtones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
" Your raviſh'd honours to reſtore,
" Fearleſs we climb this hoſtile ſhore!
" And thou, the ſepulchre of god!
" By mocking pagans rudely trod,
" Bereft of every aweful rite,
" And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd ſo bright;
" For thee, from Britain's diſtant coaſt,
" Lo, Richard leads his faithful hoſt!

" Aloft in his heroic hand,
" Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
" O'er the far-affrighted fields,
" Reſiſtleſs Kaliburn he wields *.
" Proud Saracen, pollute no more
" The ſhrines by martyrs built of yore!
" From each wild mountain's trackleſs crown
" In vain, thy gloomy caſtles frown:
" Thy battering engines, huge and high,
" In vain our ſteel-clad ſteeds defy;
" And, rolling in terrific ſtate,
" On giant-wheels harſh thunders grate.
" When eve has huſh'd the buzzing camp,
" Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
" Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
" Haunt us on the tented plain:
" We bid thoſe ſpectre-ſhapes avaunt,
" Aſhtaroth, and Termagaunt!

* Kaliburn is the ſword of King Arthur: which, as the monkiſh hiſtorians ſay, came into the poſſeſſion of Richard the firſt; and was given by that monarch, in the cruſades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal preſent of ineſtimable price, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.

" With many a demon, pale of hue,
" Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
" That drops from Macon's ſooty tree,
" Mid the dread grove of ebony.
" Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
" The chriſtian's holy courage quell.
" Salem, in antient majeſty
" Ariſe, and lift thee to the ſky!
" Soon on thy battlements divine
" Shall wave the badge of Conſtantine.
" Ye Barons, to the ſun unfold
" Our Croſs with Crimſon wove and gold!"

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING HENRY the ſecond, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to ſuppreſs a rebellion raiſed by Roderick king of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his paſſage through Wales, with the ſongs of the Welſh Bards. The ſubject of their poetry was king Arthur, whoſe hiſtory had been ſo long diſguiſed by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general ſcarcely known or remembered. But in one of theſe Welſh poems ſung before Henry, it was recited, that king Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glaſtonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry viſited the abbey, and commanded the ſpot, deſcribed by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, depoſited under a large ſtone, inſcribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but for the better accommodation of the ſtory to our preſent purpoſe, it is told with ſome ſlight variations from the Cronicle of Glaſtonbury. The caſtle of Cilgarran, where this diſcovery is ſuppoſed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, ſtands on a rock deſcending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeſhire: and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Haſtings.

ODE X.

The Grave of King Arthur.

STATELY the feaſt, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's caſtle hall,
Sublime in formidable ſtate,
And warlike ſplendour, Henry ſate;
Prepar'd to ſtain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thouſand torches flam'd aloof:
From maſſy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's ſtream:
To grace the gorgeous feſtival,
Along the lofty-window'd wall,
The ſtoried tapeſtry was hung:
With minſtrelſy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:

While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From diſtant Mona, nurſe of ſong,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a ſhaggy precipice
That ſhades Ierne's hoarſe abyſs,
And many a ſunleſs ſolitude
Of Radnor's inmoſt mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's ſolemn cloſe,
Themes of Britiſh glory choſe;
And to the ſtrings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rime.

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempeſt roar'd,
" High the ſcreaming ſea-mew ſoar'd;
" On Tintaggel's * topmoſt tower
" Darkſom fell the ſleety ſhower;
" Round the rough caſtle ſhrilly ſung
" The whirling blaſt, and wildly flung

* Tintaggel, or Tintadgel caſtle, where king Arthur is ſaid to have been born, and to have chiefly reſided. Some of its huge fragments ſtill remain, on a rocky peninſular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the ſea, and almoſt inacceſſible from the land ſide, on the ſouthern coaſts of Cornwall.

" On each tall rampart's thundering ſide
" The ſurges of the tumbling tide:
" When Arthur rang'd his red-croſs ranks
" On conſcious Camlan's crimſon'd banks:
" By Mordred's faithleſs guile decreed
" Beneath a Saxon ſpear to bleed!
" Yet in vain a paynim foe
" Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
" For when he fell, an elfin queen,
" All in ſecret, and unſeen,
" O'er the fainting hero threw
" Her mantle of ambroſial blue;
" And bade her ſpirits bear him far,
" In Merlin's agate-axled car,
" To her green iſle's enamel'd ſteep,
" In the navel of the deep.
" O'er his wounds ſhe ſprinkled dew
" From flowers that in Arabia grew:
" On a rich, inchanted bed,
" She pillow'd his majeſtic head;
" O'er his brow, with whiſpers bland,
" Thrice ſhe wav'd an opiate wand;

" And, to ſoft muſic's airy ſound,
" Her magic curtains clos'd around.
" There, renew'd the vital ſpring,
" Again he reigns a mighty king;
" And many a fair and fragrant clime,
" Blooming in immortal prime,
" By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
" Owns the monarch's high command:
" Thence to Britain ſhall return,
" (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
" Borne on Victory's ſpreading plume,
" His antient ſceptre to reſume;
" Once more, in old heroic pride,
" His barbed courſer to beſtride;
" His knightly table to reſtore,
" And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd: when on the tuneful ſtage
Advanc'd a bard, of aſpect ſage;
His ſilver treſſes, thin-beſprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as ſpangles frore
That cloath Plinlimmon's foreſts hoar,

Down to his harp deſcending flow'd;
With Time's faint roſe his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a ſoften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

" Liſten, Henry, to my read!
" Not from fairy realms I lead
" Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
" In forged colours Arthur's fate;
" Though much of old romantic lore
" On the bleſt theme I keep in ſtore:
" But boaſtful Fiction ſhould be dumb,
" Where Truth the ſtrain might beſt become.
" If thine ear may ſtill be won
" With ſongs of Uther's glorious ſon;
" Henry, I a tale unfold,
" Never yet in rime enroll'd,
" Nor ſung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
" Which in my youth's full early flower,
" A minſtrel, ſprung of Corniſh line,
" Who ſpoke of kings from old Locrine,
" Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
" Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,

" What time the gliſtening vapours fled
" From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
" And on its ſides the torrents gray
" Shone to the morning's orient ray.
" When Arthur bow'd his haughty creſt,
" No princeſs, veil'd in azure veſt,
" Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent ſpell,
" In groves of golden bliſs to dwell;
" Where, crown'd with wreaths of miſletoe,
" Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
" But when he fell, with winged ſpeed,
" His champions, on a milk-white ſteed,
" From the battle's hurricane,
" Bore him to Joſeph's towered fane,
" In the fair vale of Avalon †:
" There, with chanted oriſon,
" And the long blaze of tapers clear,
" The ſtoled fathers met the bier;
" Through the dim iles, in order dread
" Of martial woe, the chief they led,

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonſhire.

† Glaſtonbury abbey, ſaid to be founded by Joſeph of Arimathea; in a ſpot, antiently called the iſland, or valley, of Avalonia.

" And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
" Before the altar's ſolemn bound.
" Around no duſky banners wave,
" No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
" Away the ruthleſs Dane has torn
" Each trace that Time's ſlow touch had worn;
" And long, o'er the neglected ſtone,
" Oblivion's veil its ſhade has thrown:
" The faded tomb, with honour due,
" 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
" Thither, when Conqueſt has reſtor'd
" Yon recreant iſle, and ſheath'd the ſword,
" When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
" Haſte thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
" There, obſervant of my lore,
" The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
" And thrice a fathom underneath
" Dive into the vaults of death.
" There ſhall thine eye, with wild amaze,
" On his gigantic ſtature gaze;
" There ſhalt thou find the monarch laid,
" All in warrior-weeds array'd;

" Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
" And weapons huge of old renown.
" Martial prince, 'tis thine to ſave
" From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
" So may thy ſhips ſecurely ſtem
" The weſtern frith: thy diadem
" Shine victorious in the van,
" Nor heed the ſlings of Ulſter's clan:
" Thy Norman pike-men win their way
" Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay *:
" And from the ſteeps of rough Kildare
" Thy prancing hoofs the falcon ſcare:
" So may thy bow's unerring yew
" Its ſhafts in Roderick's heart embrew †."
Amid the pealing ſymphony
The ſpiced goblets mantled high,

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-fager, The *Fair-haired*, king of Norway, is ſaid, in the Life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered in Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is ſuppoſed to have ſucceeded in this enterpriſe, chiefly by the uſe of the long-bow, with which the Iriſh were entirely unacquainted.

With paſſions new the ſong impreſs'd
The liſtening king's impatient breaſt:
Flaſh the keen lightenings from his eyes;
He ſcorns awhile his bold empriſe;
Ev'n now he ſeems, with eager pace,
The conſecrated floor to trace;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treaſure of the wonderous tomb:
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous ſpear,
Rough with the gore of Pictiſh kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poiſe the monarch's maſſy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to day the dinted ſhield
That felt the ſtorm of Camlan's field.
O'er the ſepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching ſculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral ſhrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

Written at Wynslade in Hampshire.

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Gan the grey miſt with orient purple ſtain,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her faireſt landſkips whence my Muſe has drawn,
Too free with ſervile courtly phraſe to fawn,
Too weak to try the buſkin's ſtately ſtrain.
Yet now no more thy ſlopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, ſince He far diſtant ſtrays,
With whom I trac'd their ſweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Heſperian bays;
In this alone they pleaſe, howe'er forlorn,
That ſtill they can recall thoſe happier days.

SONNET II.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were ſtript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in veſture green,
Or like the foreſt's ſilver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earlieſt echo ſhook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was ſeen.
But ſince, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot ſheen,
Summer has ſmote each daiſy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Iſis' towered brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,
While cooling drops diſtil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with ſedgy wreath,
She ſits amid the quire of Naiads trim,

SONNET III.

Written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the ſage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of theſe proud domes, th' hiſtoric page,
Now ſunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Thinkſt thou the warbling Muſes never ſmil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thought, on themes, unclaſſic falſely ſtil'd,
Intent. While cloiſter'd Piety diſplays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the penſive bard his pictur'd ſtores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but ſtrown with flowers.

SONNET IV.

Written at Stonehenge.

THOU nobleſt monument of Albion's iſle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's ſhore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons ſlain by Hengiſt's guile *:
Or Druid prieſts, ſprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy maſſy maze their myſtic lore:
Or Daniſh chiefs, enrich'd with ſavage ſpoil,
To Victory's idol vaſt, an unhewn ſhrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repoſe the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here thoſe kings in ſolemn ſtate were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muſe on many an antient tale renown'd.

* One of the Bardiſh traditions about Stonehenge.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble ſtart,
How to life's humbler ſcene can I depart?
My breaſt all glowing from thoſe gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the ſullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for FANCY can impart
(To Fate ſuperior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the ſtately-ſtoried hall:
She, mid the dungeon's ſolitary gloom,
Can dreſs the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landſkip's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies cloath the twilight wall.

SONNET VI.

To Mr. GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My ruſtic Muſe her votive chaplet brings;
Unſeen, unheard, O Gray, to thee ſhe ſings!
While ſlowly-pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy penſive genius ſtrikes the moral ſtrings;
Or borne ſublime on Inſpiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear eſſay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the ſweet magic of thy ſoothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and viſion wild,
To thee this ſtrain of gratitude I pay.

SONNET VII.

WHILE ſummer-ſuns o'er the gay proſpect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant ſcenes, where Epſom ſpreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Haſcombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic ſteep, with mind ſerene
I journied blythe. Full penſive I return'd;
For now my breaſt with hopeleſs paſſion burn'd,
Wet with hoar miſts appear'd the gaudy ſcene
Which late in careleſs indolence I paſt;
And Autumn all around thoſe hues had caſt
Where paſt delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when moſt, my chearleſs mood to chaſe,
I wiſh'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

SONNET VIII.

On King Arthur's Round-table at Winchester.

WHERE Venta's Norman caſtle ſtill uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the graſſy foſs,
And ſcatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moſs,
On yonder ſteep in naked ſtate appears;
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some Britiſh pen has ſketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obſcure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic ſkill, with many a rime,
The Druid-frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the ſlow vengeance of the wiſard Time,
And fade the Britiſh characters away;
Yet Spenſer's page, that chants in verſe ſublime
Thoſe Chiefs, ſhall live, unconſcious of decay.

SONNET IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since firſt I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure ſky, and golden ſun:
Where firſt my muſe to liſp her notes begun!
While penſive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleaſure, more of ſorrow, marks the ſcene.
Sweet native ſtream! thoſe ſkies and ſuns ſo pure
No more return, to chear my evening road!
Yet ſtill one joy remains, that not obſcure,
Nor uſeleſs, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muſe's laurel unbeſtow'd.

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